REV. M. P. GADDIS

ON THE

ASSASSINATION

OF

Abraham Lincoln.

TIMES PRINT, 62 WEST THIRD ST., CIN.

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SERMON

UPON THE

ASSASSINATION

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

BY REV. M. P. GADDIS,
PASTOR SIXTH STREET M. P. CHURCH.

DELIVERED IN

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, APRIL 16, 1865.

WASHINGTON THE FATHER, LINCOLN THE SAVIOR OF OUR COUNTRY

CINCINNATI:
TIMES STEAM BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

1865.

CINCINNATI, April 24, 1865.

REV. M. P. GADDIS, JR.:

DEAR SIR — We have the honor, in behalf of the "Library Association" of your charge, to solicit for publication, in pamphlet form, your sermons of Friday morning, April 14th, and Sabbath evening, April 16th, 1865. Our reasons for said request are, First, the merits of the sermons themselves as well as the principles they inculcate, are deserving of a wider circulation. Secondly, a knowledge of the wishes of the public generally for their publication; more especially those who were not so fortunate to hear them delivered. Thirdly, a belief that the perusal and careful study of the sentiments they contain, will tend to make us appreciate more fully our duties, not only as Christians but as American citizens in these trying times of our country's history.

Hoping that, for these reasons, you will accede to our request,

We are yours respectfully,

L. C. ROBINSON, *Chairman*,
FRANK G. EPPLY, *Secretary*,
JNO. W. RICHARDS,
WM. HIGGINS,
FRED. LEBLOND,
} *Committee.*

CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 26, 1865.

MESSRS. L. C. ROBINSON, FRANK G. EPPLY and others,
Committee Library Association:

GENTLEMEN — Your kind and complimentary favor of the 24th inst. is before me. In response to the same I am compelled to say, that a part of your request cannot be complied with. The sermon of April the 14th was in the main impromptu, and cannot be written as delivered. So with portions of the sermon, upon the death of that *great* and good man, President Lincoln. Yet, from a desire to gratify an Association having for its object the glory of God and the good of our beloved country, I place the crude manuscript at your service, trusting that your reasons for its publication may be fully realized.

I remain with many expressions of regard,

Yours, as ever, in the cause of God and liberty,

M. P. GADDIS.

THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE following scenes, descriptive of the excitement attending the delivery of Mr. GADDIS' sermon, is taken from the *Cincinnati Daily Times*, Monday, April 18th:

Long before dark, Sunday evening, an immense crowd congregated in front of the Methodist Church, on Sixth street, between Vine and Race, presided over by REV. M. P. GADDIS. No sooner had the doors been thrown open, than the crowd immediately filled the church to overflowing, but not one-fourth of the crowd could get in, and thousands remained outside, filling up all the approaches to it; and when the time came for the pastor to open the services, he found it a matter of impossibility to do so, as he could not even get an entrance to the church. Finding it impossible to proceed with the services in his church, a committee of several of our well known citizens, having procured the consent of Mr. GADDIS to deliver his sermon in Mozart Hall, providing that Hall could be obtained, an announcement was immediately made from the church steps, of the intention to deliver the sermon from that place, but some delay would take place, as the janitor would have to be seen, and the Hall lighted.

The crowd immediately proceeded to Mozart Hall, and waited there patiently for it to be opened. Some disappointment was manifested when it was found that the Hall could not be obtained, the janitor refusing the use of it, as his orders were not to let the Hall that evening for any purpose. Another announcement was then made, that as it was then late, and even if the Opera House could be procured, it would take at least an hour before the house could be lighted, it would be impossible to carry the idea into effect, and that Mr. GADDIS would be compelled to deliver his sermon in his church to as many as were fortunate enough to crowd into it. The immense crowd then left Mozart Hall, and proceeded back to the church, which was soon crowded to overflowing, but thousands still remained outside, and showed no disposition to leave the vicinity, not only the sidewalks being full, but the street also. It seems, however, that the committee were not to be deterred from

their efforts to obtain a hall, and finally were successful in procuring the Opera House, and the announcement being made to the crowd, it moved for Fourth street, hundreds of ladies and gentlemen hurrying through the streets on the double-quick, for fear they would not get there in time.

It was but a few minutes, and the crowd in front of the Opera House numbered its thousands — the sidewalks and streets soon being full of an anxious, excited multitude. A few minutes transpired, and the doors were open, and the crowd commenced pressing its way in without regard to order. Ladies fainted away, bonnets were smashed in, dresses were torn, but the crowd squeezed, they jammed and rammed, but they determined to get into the Opera House. But in this they utterly failed. Notwithstanding the Opera House was filled to overflowing, the isles being filled, and every nook and corner of it crowded to its utmost capacity, yet hundreds had to go away without finding even standing room.

We have seen crowds in our time, and have seen them in the Opera House, but we think this would beat them all. We certainly never seen a larger, or more attentive and orderly audience, than on this occasion.

Rev. Mr. GADDIS was received with great applause. He opened the services by some very appropriate remarks, to the effect that he had prepared this sermon for his church, and that he was greatly surprised at the turn affairs had taken, and hoped the audience would take into consideration all the circumstances of the occasion. He then gave out the hymn, and requested the audience to join in singing it:

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
Our great Redeemer's praise:
The glories of our God and King,
The triumphs of his grace."

Mr. GADDIS, in opening, remarked that on Friday last he took occasion in his thanksgiving sermon to say, that now was the time for a great people, in the face of one of the grandest triumphs achieved by any people, to show a magnanimity to their conquered enemies, equal to their triumphs, but since the tragical scenes of the past few hours, resulting in the death of the Chieftain of all these victories, the sermon on the present occasion would materially differ in its sentiments from the one referred to.

He selected for his text the 3d chapter of second Samuel, in which is recorded the assassination of Abner, Captain General of the Israelites, confining his remarks in the main to the 38th verse: "Know ye not that a Prince and a great man has fallen this day

in Israel." As remarked above, Mr. GADDIS had prepared his discourse for his own congregation, not aware that he was to deliver it in the finest hall in America, to over four thousand people. Below we give the contents of the sermon as we were enabled to obtain it.

THE SERMON.

In looking at the sad events of the past few hours, I can but say in the language of the poet —

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

And, as on this sorrowful day — a day fraught with more grief than all others in the history of this rebellion — I behold the sorrow and anguish that rends the hearts of a grateful, liberty-loving people, I continue to sing —

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him to His grace —
Behind this frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face."

As for grief, we have, during the past four years, become inured to its stings. The wails of early widowhood, the sighs of orphanage, the falling of paternal and fraternal tears over the graves, biers, and memories of our loved ones, have not only freighted northern, but southern gales — filling the entire land with sadness, giving us naught but a daily continuation of terrible facts.

The sun of the 14th of April, 1865, rose in unclouded splendor, and shone upon millions of freemen ready to join in the festivities and thanksgivings that were to take place over the triumphs of our armies; — it set only to rise again upon one of the most terrible tragedies ever enacted since the race of man began — set amid a blaze of glory and joy to rise upon the nation clad in the habiliments of grief and shame — grief over the loss of a great and good man, and shame over the fact that an American struck the terrible blow. E'en now there comes up from the capital of our country a wail of anguish, penetrating every vein and artery of the nation — one more keen in its cuttings than all the rest combined; nay, more, the stroke is so piercing that it tears open every wound made in the body of Liberty since the war began, starts fresh fountains of tears from the weeping bereaved ones of the land, and almost opens again the graves of our dead braves. The wild refrain of this wail is, "Abraham Lincoln is dead!"

My hearers, do you realize the deep significance of those words, "Abraham Lincoln is dead?" The most natural question upon an announcement like this is, "And how did he die? In the quietude of his own chamber, with his family around him, after the great mission of his glorious life was accomplished? Was it amid the bright light of the peace he sought to bring to the nation over which he presided, and to whose interest he gave the full strength of his manhood? Had he just finished writing some proclamation that was to give liberty to millions of the human family, or teaching the world some grand lesson in the terse, simple expressions of 'To whom it may concern?' Was it while he was engaged in giving expression to the mercy that flowed from a heart overcharged with the same, in the shape of a general amnesty to repentent rebels? Was it at a time when the ship of State was struggling amid the mad waves of the rebellion, with the desired haven of peace still hidden from his sight?" No; — all this, thank God, was accomplished ere the findish deed was done.

The proclamation was not only written, but the chains had fallen, under its power, from over three millions of enslaved men, "To whom it may concern" had gone forth to the world, and has in the past and is to-day accomplishing its mission. His last great act of mercy had been written, and the Amnesty read even in the streets of the Rebel capital! The ship of State was no longer in the maelstrom of rebellion. The shoals and quicksands were passed, the destined haven of peace was in view, the anchor was being thrown overboard to find a fastening from which it was never more to be loosed. Its enemies were conquered, its millions of passengers were happy, its thousands of hardy sailors and defenders were preparing to taste again the joys of home. Its pilot came out from his place of watching and trial, to gratify a grateful people by his presence, when, from some unseen hold of treason, there sprang up a Rebel sailor, a hater of the proclamations, a non-submissionist to whom it may concern, a despiser of mercy, and who, amid the storm, tried to scuttle the ship, dismantle its shrouds, or run it upon the destructive rocks of *northern sympathy*, and with a cowardly heart, and still more cowardly design, took the life of the great pilot.

Thus fell Abraham Lincoln, President of these United States. Fell as he lived, seeking to make his fellow men happy; fell, too, by the hands of those who had the best reasons for regardiug him as their truest friend: *for in the midst of his successful efforts to preserve the government he had sworn to protect, he, at the same time, tempered the winds of vengeance to the meanest of its foes.*

Some one has said that "Cæsar was merciful; Scipio was conti-

nent; Hannibal was patient, and that George Washington combined these in one;" but yet it is not said of them, as the world must now say of the great departed, "he loved his enemies." Like him of old, who came to subdue the rebellion of earth against the government of God, he died, saying, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Looking upon Mr. Lincoln in this light, may we not, with great propriety, say, as does David in the text, "Know ye not that there is a Prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel" — and with equal propriety adopt the same writer's language as given in the context, "I and my kingdom are guiltless before the Lord forever from the blood of Abner." Are we all innocent? Can we all say that there is no drop of Mr. Lincoln's blood on our skirts? I am afraid that there are some here in our own city that will, in the day of judgment, find at least one drop of Mr. Lincoln's blood upon their skirts. Then turning from this declaration of our innocence, after having extended the hand of forgiveness to them as we did on Friday last, to find it so treacherously and horribly spurned, may we not call down David's curses upon the murderer, as he did on the head of the assassin Joab? I do not desire to take God's work in my unholy hands, for he has said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." I am willing to leave the penalty with Him; for if ever God loved any man he must have loved Abraham Lincoln, and he stands pledged to avenge his own. In this I rest satisfied, for *His* pledges are immutable. Feeling, then, that there have been times in the administrations of God's government when vengeance was necessary, I pray him now, in view of the great crime just committed — committed, too, in the name of liberty — that all the curses pronounced by David against Joab for the murder of Abner, may befall the murderer of our President: "May the results of his perfidious act rest upon his head, and on all his father's house; and let there not fail from the house of Joab one that hath an issue, or that is a leper, or that leaneth on a staff, or that falleth on a sword, or that lacketh bread."

And may we, who feel so deeply this treasonable work, live to see the time when, out of this darkness, there shall come glory and honor to all those who loved the victim, and hated the murderer. It is not my purpose, at this time, to enter upon a history of the life and services of Mr. Lincoln. He needs no written or spoken history. His memory, the glory and goodness of his deeds, are written on an imperishable tablet: on the heart of liberty-loving humanity wherever it breathes the air of freedom, or tramples upon broken shackles; nay more, it will cheer the hope of those of our race who are still oppressed, until the morn of their redemp-

tion comes, and with it the fulfillment of that song of universal freedom, that came first from Heaven, and will not return again until earth returns with it, to Eden and God.

He *has* gone from us. And while I would not wipe away a single tear that falls from millions of eyes to-night, or check one of the unnumbered sighs that come up from as many wailing hearts, allow me to say that our tears and our sighs will not call him back. His place is vacant forever; his mantle falls upon the shoulders of others. This being the case, let us look backward over his illustrious life for consolation, and forward to the great results that must flow, not only to us as a nation, but to the world at large, from his tragical death. I shall attempt no eulogy — I am not equal to the task. His own life, as we know it, constitutes his best eulogy. Neither shall I attempt to apologize for God in his actions toward us as a nation. Had we loved and served him as *He* has loved and served us, there would have been no occasion, in the administering of his wise Providence, for the removal of *the* President. I look away from our sorrow to-night; I look up from that small house, that now contains all that is left of earth, to the God of all good — to Him who gave us such a President — to find his countenance smiling in mercy upon us. I hear him say that all these things shall work together for our good. God alone can estimate the value of liberty; hence he gave us Mr. Lincoln, in order to enhance its value in our eyes, and then took him away that its newly developed glories, as connected with his memory, might become still more precious to us. The value of a blessing in this world is generally estimated by its cost. In this view of the subject the blessings of civil liberty should be dearer to us now than all else, save the consolations of our holy religion, and this in our hearts only makes its blessings more sweet. It took over four thousand years of sacrifice and offering upon the altars of God, and ultimately the death of his own son, to redeem man from sin, into the pleasant liberty of righteousness; and the marks of this mighty struggle are traceable in blood from where Abel offered his bleeding victim down to Calvary's summit, where, through the blood of Jesus, victory came and Satan was conquered. The price paid for liberty stands next to this. I have not time to trace its struggles, its defeats or victories, or to show how near its triumph is complete. Its history, as connected with our own fair land, will be sufficient to show you the immense and, may I say, the dreadful price to be paid for its blessings. Read o'er the struggles of our forefathers, from their landing on the rock-bound shores of New England until the dawn of their revolutionary triumph; then take their subsequent struggles with the Indians, the second time

with the mother country, with Mexico, with treason and nullification, and close the chapter with the immense sacrifices made during the present war, and in some slight degree you may realize the cost of civil liberty. Its money value may be computed so far as the expenditure of national currency is concerned, but where is the voice, or pen, that can describe the cost of so much precious blood and life! *Yet these are parts of liberty's price.* Every drop of blood, every fallen brave, every tear, every throb of anguish, every broken household, every vacant chair, every lonely grave, is so much paid into the treasury of liberty. It demanded an Ellsworth, a Lyons, a Baker, a McPherson, a McCook, a Lytle, a Mitchell, and time would fail to mention a Patrick, an Elstner and Leek, of our own city, and a thousand others whose names have been rendered by her immortal.

We have met her demands as often as they came, until, at last, we thought her satisfied; and, radiant with sacrifice and victory, we went up to receive her blessings, rendered to her on the 14th instant our grateful homage, and returned prepared to enjoy the rich fruits that were in store for us, when again her voice was heard mingling with the dying throbs of treachery and treason — "one sacrifice more" ere my triumph is complete. Who is it? starts from every heart. Is it one of our gallant generals who has triumphantly led our armies to victory? No! Who then? No less a personage than the Captain of this ship that was at that moment furling her sails ready to enter the port of peace. Not one of the disciples, but the "Master." In order that the work may be well done, the *Chief* must die.

Here I would, if I could, drop the curtain over this last and grander sacrifice; but as the claims of God and Liberty must meet with full satisfaction, I say to them in this hour of grief: Here we are ready to lay upon thy glorious altar more of goodness — more of political worth — more of true virtue — more of mercy — more of charity and love than thou hast ever before received in one personal offering. O, Liberty! here to-night, on thy bloody but triumphant altar, we offer thee the Moses of the nineteenth century — the Winkelried of America — the Howard of the Union — the Wilberforce of over three millions of liberated slaves — the Luther of the world's future political status — the admired of earth — the idol of freemen everywhere — the loved of our hearts. Go search the world for living men, where will you find his like again! Will not this suffice? Is not *his blood* sufficient to put out the remaining fires of treason, and from its lofty eminence, will it not spread o'er all the land until it becomes the cementing bond of eternal fidelity to the Union? *Grant it, O God of Liberty!*

Denied the privilege of entering with us into the promised land, may his freed spirit, not many days hence, be sent, as a ministering angel, to guide us as we enter into the possession of the heritage given to us by this last and heaviest payment.

But I am to speak of the results that will, in all human probability, flow from the death of the President. Every death, to him who studies the providences of God, is intended for some good, greater or less. Moses was called to die just at a time when they were about to enter the promised land. God gave him the sight, but denied him an entrance. The reason assigned by the writer is, that Moses, at some time while leading the children of Israel, displeased God. (*Here the speaker referred to the history of Moses.*) But there were other reasons. The children of Israel were an idolatrous people. They had more than once merged the Creator in their worship of the creature. The history states that in the course of their journeyings and sufferings they murmured at Moses, disliked his administrations, yet on their near approach to deliverance, their murmurings were turned into affection, their complaints into rapturous praises, and they had already said, in their hearts, "great is Moses," instead of "great is the God of Moses." They, in their rejoicings, were ready to say, "See what Moses has done for us." They lost sight of the Author of their success, while looking upon the instrument. Here God saw that the work of Moses was complete, and taking him up into the mountain, he convinced him of the fact.

Again, Moses was a merciful man, and God may have said in his heart, "he has too often stayed my anger against this people; they must now pass into other hands, in order that mercy does not become a crime." May I not apply the above to our modern Moses? *No man ever encountered as much difficulty in trying to administer the government of this country as Mr. Lincoln.* Opposition, not only from its enemies, but its avowed friends, met him at every step. There were heard murmurs and objections to his administration; many expressed fears and doubts, yet as he at last brought the nation to the banks of deliverance, over thirty millions of freemen began to exclaim, *Great is Abraham Lincoln!* and in the spirit of sudden idolatry, that has ever characterized us as a nation, we were ready to sink the Author of our happiness and deliverance in the honored instrument. If not this, another reason is prominent. Our President was a man of unbounded mercy — never was as much mercy enshrined in humanity since the days of the Nazarine as was in him. He was devoid of all prejudice, of all personal resentment, of all feelings of hatred; in fact, mercy was more pre-eminent in his administration than justice, and, I dare

not say to-night, that it was not right, yet, like Moses of old, his work was completed when mercy seemed to interfere with the claims of justice. I may be wrong in this remark, God forgive me if I am, yet I can but feel, riven by grief as I am, that when the dark shadows of treason, in the garb of an assassin, entered that box in the theatre of the capital, that mercy folded her snowy pinions and left treason to the thunderbolts of justice, to return *no more* until this last great wrong is wiped out in the death or expatriation of every leader of this foul rebellion. (*Continued cheering.*) The wrongs of liberty culminated in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and, minister as I am, I feel like saying to-night, that these wrongs must be avenged. One of the results of this execrable act is the opening of our eyes to the fact that in the midst of our joy we were about to take to our bosom a half frozen adder, only frozen by the power of our arms, to warm it into life again.

> "Yes, to make them great again,
> Who sought their country's ruin."

Now, the *adder must die!* (*Immense applause.*) Hence I feel to say, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. For every drop of blood that flowed from the veins of this great and good man, at least one leading Rebel must die, or be banished from this country forever. [*The scene that followed this cannot be described. Hundreds rose to their feet; thousands of handkerchiefs waved all over the hall, and it was many seconds ere the eloquent preacher could proceed.*] By the unnumbered graves of our slain sons, husbands and brothers; by the wails of America's weeping Rachels; by all the sorrows of widowhood and orphanage; by all the graves of those who were starved to death in Rebel prisons; by the dark emblems of mourning that surround me this night; by the mercy that we have shown to our enemies; in their name, I demand that this climax of their terrible iniquity be wiped out at the hands of the sternest justice that this nation is capable of administering. (*Continued cheering.*) Not only is this due to us, but due to the world at large. We must now set the seal to our triumphs in the death or banishment of those who, though fostered, educated and fed by the genius and liberality of our free institutions, *willingly* and *knowingly* raised their bloody hands (not only stained with the blood of their slaves, and with the precious blood of the republic, but the blood of one of the best men of modern times,) to strike down the best government of earth.

Another result, I trust, will consist in our valuing the blessings of liberty more, and a living consciousness of the great fact that while we propose God will dispose. Let us learn to lean more

upon God than man. Let us cultivate and cherish more of those great principles of righteousness "that alone exalteth a nation." Let us reverence God more and man less. Another great result of his death will be to cement more firmly our love to country; for, as said before, this love will and must be in proportion to its cost. And as we cannot compute this, let all nations say of us in time to come, that our love to the Union and the great principles of civil liberty cannot be estimated. But time and your patience forbids my dwelling longer on this dark picture. Mr. Lincoln the *pure*, *unselfish*, *unprejudiced patriot*, is at this hour in the land of perpetual freedom — the land where treason, assassination and their authors cannot go. His mighty work is done, and I hear a voice from that heavenly world saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." His works shall follow him; though dead, he shall still speak. Let us hearken to his voice. To the young men, who so largely compose this audience, I would say, listen to him. Imitate his glorious life. Live like him, for God, your country, and the rights of all men. Be pure in heart and purpose as was your great President. Be loyal as he was loyal. Love all men — whether white or black, bond or free — as he loved them. Be merciful as he was merciful. Let the inspiration of his memory be one of the guiding stars of your future life. As a citizen of our Republic he was true to his citizenship. As a patriot he has no superior. Love of liberty and country was with him a principle — a living, vitalizing, active principle to which home, friends, party, and all else was subordinate. He suffered no desire for ease, or pleasure, or the honors of the world to swerve him from the path of duty, and he only died that the triumph of liberty, and your future happiness, might be complete. He died to perpetuate through all time the blessings that must flow from a government like ours. He died in order "that the heel of the old flag staff might forever crush the rattlesnake's head." Yea, that the many-headed monster of treason should be buried beneath the car of genuine republicanism, beyond the hope of a future resurrection. He died amid the ringing of fetters as they fell from the enslaved millions of the South; as the cruel crack of the overseer's lash fell for the last time upon the back of the last slave of America. My fellow-citizens, to die thus is to die triumphantly.

"For whether on the gallows high,
Or by the assassin's hand;
The fittest place for man to die,
Is when he *dies for man!*"

Such a death is to be envied; for he who dies for the *freedom* of man never dies. Nay, "the earth may pass like a wild dream away, the very heavens be rolled together as a scroll, but *He*, beneath whose feet the sun and stars are but dust," has said, "that the memory of such as Lincoln shall never die." Such memories shall live; they shall never grow dim with age. They are graven upon the very mountains, and in the valleys of the land they loved so well. And in the time to come, from the foam-crested waves of the Atlantic to those of the wild Pacific, as they sing lullabys of freedom to the setting sun; from the circling lakes, the guardians of liberty on the north, to the dark waters of the gulf, across which to-night our victorious banner flashes defiantly at the enemies of republican government, their names shall be chanted in notes of gladness and songs of grateful remembrance, and the youths of other days shall come from afar to visit their graves, while the freed nations of earth shall make their way across thousands of liberty's triumphant battlefields, across freed continents and empires, to pay their grateful homage at the shrine of the glorious superstructure of Liberty, erected on this continent by the lives, suffering, and death of such as Abraham Lincoln, twice President of these United States.

Once again, and I am done. As was said this morning, so we repeat again, "the United States dies not with Mr. Lincoln;" on the other hand, I cannot but believe that his death gives it a newer and better existence. Let us, then, his survivors, be true to the great principles for which he offered up his life. His mantle has fallen upon a worthy man. In President Johnson I recognize many qualities of his predecessor. Like him, he is from the people, and knows how to sympathize with them. His past record shows him to be a true patriot, a tried lover of the Union; and leaning upon God, with our prayers and unflinching support, he may, and I have no doubt will, prove to be the Joshua of our hopes. Despair not; the nation still lives, and its very existence calls us to work, for there is much to do. Our victories have not been common ones. The world never witnessed any more fierce or terrible, and as glorious in their results. We hesitated a long time before unsheathing the sword. At least until forbearance with southern Rebels and latterly assassins ceased to be a virtue. Then, and not till then, were northern swords unsheathed. "The pine was then brought against the palm;" and to-night, after four years of bloody war, we begin to see the end — an end not ultimating in the extension "of the sum of all villainies," but an end that looks upon the black monster, cradled in its dying couch, and by its side, already dead, is that other horrible thing Secession.

Yes, four years ago, on Friday last, Charleston was drunk with whisky and joy over the fall of Sumpter. Already in their wild imaginings the new government, conceived in gross iniquity and wrought upon to great wrongs, slavery and secession was established, and the land of the despised Yankee was soon to fall an easy prey to *southern chivalry!* Alas! for the fatuity of human expectations, especially when founded in wrong. The glory of Charleston has passed away, and only a few hours ago, the very man upon whom the Charlestonians loved to heap their maledictions, (Beecher) re-dedicated Sumpter and Charleston to God, and the rights of all men. We accepted of war, and firm in our convictions of right; strong in our determination to conquer, putting our trust in God, we went forth to conquer. Our trust in *Him was not misplaced.*

"For who that leans on his right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What righteous cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and loud and dark the cloud,—
Behind its folds *His hand* upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow."

That to-morrow has at last come, and though its bright light is somewhat dimmed by our grief, yet it is the glorious harbinger of an honorable peace. The past four years have been fraught with much of sadness and sorrow, but ere four more pass, I have faith to believe, that the sun will again shine upon these States united and happy. Ere that time, if faithful to our high interests, every sword on this vast continent will have been forever sheathed for want of some opponent to liberty to subdue. As before said, there is much for us to do. War's desolations must be repaired; southern loveliness must be restored; ruined plantations redeemed from decay; ash piles turned again into habitations for freemen to live in. Over the fields now enriched by the best blood of earth must come again the white cotton, made more lovely and productive than ever, because planted and tilled by the hands of free labor. The poor whites must be raised by education and social influence to their true position in society; and last, but not least, the negro must be educated and taught to value the blessings of freedom. Churches that have only rung to the groans and sufferings of the dying, must ring again to the songs of Zion, and the voice of God's ministers. School-houses, so long vacant, must be re-occupied with southern children, and, if necessary, in order to a greater love for the Union, with Yankee teachers and Yankee books. Soldiers' homes are to be built, soldiers' widows to be pro-

vided for, soldiers' orphans to be educated, and, rising above all this, our country must be watched over with a zealous eye. A higher state of *morals* must pervade our political parties — enter into our legislative halls—possess the minds of our legislators, and all that pertains to religious and civil liberty, sacredly cared for. (*Renewed applause.*) Other thoughts crowd in upon me but I forbear. Peace is not yet declared, but it must soon come; I think without another battle — without the shedding of any more blood, save those who must expiate their guilt, and die as a warning to traitors and assassins in all the time to come. Our tribute of respect over, let us retire from this beautiful temple *loving God and our country more.* Mourning the loss of liberty's chieftain, let us keep his bright example ever before us, and go on in the glorious work of re-establishing this Union upon a rock more lasting than time, on principles that are almost as immutable as God himself. Then, when our race, like his, is run, nothing can give us more pleasure, save the presence of Jesus, than that of seeing the flag for which *our President* died waving over us, with not only its present number of stars, but many more added, all resplendant with freedom's light, telling us, in our dying moments, that America was always liberty's cradle, but never its grave.

TI. 2009. 084. 03875